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The Connecticut College Quarterly

Alumnae Issue

June, 1924

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NEW LONDON, CONN.

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THE CONNECTICUT COLLEGE QUARTERLY

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THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE

BLESSED is he who possesses an abiding interest in something—anything in the whole wide realm of being. But thrice blessed, the sages of humanity have told us, is he who possesses an abiding intellectual interest. Any is better than none, but when present at all, interests are found to differ in value as well as in specific nature: some are better than others. What do we mean by an intellectual interest as opposed to the common or garden variety? We mean an interest in the world of ideas, as ideas, an interest in some subject matter which does not have to do too obviously and insistently with the everyday world of activity, nor yet too patently with our own material welfare. One who has an interest of this sort and is able to some extent to develop it, is said to live the "intellectual life." What matter to such a one the vicissitudes, the endless instability, of the surrounding world of sense? What matter even most of the daily bickerings and disappointments, of the human family? The individual with a genuine interest in ideas will always have a haven of refuge: things, events, happen or come, and then pass, but ideas go on forever. To him whose heart is set on possessing a flower, failure to possess is fatal; further even accomplished ownership is not always an unmixed blessing, because the world of have and have not is a competitive world; one man's success is too often another man's failure. This often unfortunate quality of our everyday world is not found in the realm of ideas. An idea, a truth, a system of truths are like the magic boxes of fairy tales: they are inexhaustible. An idea can give of itself to one mind or to many without itself suffering diminution; it cannot be decreased no matter how much or how often it is drawn upon. This fact constitutes one reason why we can say with perfect logical and mathematical verity that "ideas

are infinite." The infinite is that which is a self-contained whole of such a sort that subtraction of any number of parts does not change it, the whole. To have our interest, then, not in having the flower but in knowing it, removes us from the competitive world of things to the generous world of ideas. Serene, stable, apart from the daily realm of pugnacity and strife, impartial in its invitation and its welcome to any who care to seek it, exists the intellectual world. And blessed is he who has an abiding interest therein.

It is not my present purpose, however, to attempt a panygyric on the intellectual life. The advantages of this kind of life are being recognized again after a temporary aberration, at least in those circles where recognition might be and is expected, that is, college and university. Only an individual, who like Norman Duncan's "Abraham Botch," 'wants to know,' can be happy and efficient in the field of higher education of the 'liberal' kind. This fact we are beginning to note again.

What I should like to do, briefly, taking for granted that we see the general meaning and value of an intellectual interest, is to point out a truth about this kind of interest that we are sometimes prone to overlook. Too often the intellectual world is conceived as being sharply contrasted with the aesthetic and emotional world, as being therefore cold, austere, repellent. So also the intellectual worker is considered as lacking in feeling, as unresponsive, as aloof from that warm and colorful world of beauty which art possesses, art as painting or music or rhythm or poetry. Now my present thesis is that one of the strongest appeals that the intellectual life makes to the human mind arises from the fact that it is genuinely and deeply aesthetic or artistic. It is true that we classify men according to such rubrics as artistic, intellectual, religious, moral, etc., just as we divide the mind itself into intellect, feeling, and will. But the reality escapes this arbitrary departmentalism: there is no such thing as will apart from feeling and ideas; nor feeling apart from will and ideas. Also there is no intellectual interest which from the point of view of the participating mind is devoid of feeling and emotion. This view we shall consider in giving some reasons for holding it. If we can help to dispel the idea that the intellectual life is "inhuman" because unfeeling and cold, our thought will be worthwhile.

Let us start with an example. Paleontology, in name and in subject matter, is superficially one of the more forbidding sciences. Paleontology is the "science of fossils." It is the study of remains! Of dry bones! How can one find or assert an aesthetic and emotional value in such an interest? The best and only final proof, of course, that paleontology has such a value is to study the science, get on the inside, and see for oneself. But let them who are outsiders consider a little.

What does the paleontologist do? He hunts for fossils, for animal and plant forms that Nature has buried and preserved these many centuries. He discovers often not a whole animal but only a bone or two, the skull perhaps and the finger bones. He finds in many cases, indeed, not the animal itself or any part of it, merely its footprint or some other trace. These things the paleontologist does and they seem and are prosaic enough; but such facts, such material, such work, constitute only the raw material of the science. The real and the fascinating effort of the paleontologist begins when he attempts to interpret what he finds, to discover meaning in his facts, to "reconstruct the whole animal and as far as possible the world of the animal" from the remnants and traces in his possession. The paleontologist takes the fragmentary data of fact and builds a complete and significant whole that shall be logically and empirically sound. Give the skilled scientist what might seem the most meagre basis for reasoning,—a mere bone or two found in a certain stratum of Mother Earth and he will complete it, will build out for you the rest of the animal, yes, and picture for you something of the world in which the animal lived and died, ages ago. Guess work? No, logic. Imagination? No, creative reasoning. For living things are not made haphazardly; they are put together, all the elaborate and intricate detail of them, with an artistry, a wizardry, an exquisite

precision of adjustment of part to part, that the human artist might and does envy; they have, in other words, unity; they form a perfect example of "e pluribus unum." Each part in a living thing has its own function to perform; and in the higher animals these functions become much specialized; but each part, nevertheless, does its work in perfect accord with other parts. No organ or muscle or nerve or bone ever interferes in the normal organism with other parts. And this means that each part is made with reference to the whole and its welfare; no part lives or acts unto itself alone. The whole lives in and through it. So that in a perfectly definite sense the whole is in, and is intelligible from, a knowledge of the part. Just as the segment of a circle or a parabola is an index to the nature of the whole figure, just as an arc from the path of a heavenly body tells us what the total course of that body is in its nebular peregrinations, so the fragments of an animal which lived its life in Miocene times, many thousands of years ago, becomes in the mind of the paleontologist once more clothed in warm flesh and blood, grazes again on the sunlit plain of a Miocene early morning, or gallops anxiously on its queer three-toed feet to its colt which has indicated a babyish desire for attention.

In what sense is this creativity of the paleontologist to be called aesthetic? How does it appeal to feeling? In the same that the artist thrills himself and us with a completed painting or statuary that we feast our eyes upon, and find good, and turn from with reluctance: he creates something that is relatively perfect; he puts together parts that make up a unified and self-complete whole. That which is relatively perfect is that in which or on which our eye or our mind can rest, that in which we find no loose ends, nothing that jars on us because it is fragmentary and unclear. The relatively perfect is, for a time at least, *satisfying* to our whole self,—our intellect, our will, our emotions. Aesthetic experience is experience of the sort that gives us such relative perfection and satisfaction.

And if this is true, can we deny the aesthetic appeal of the work of the paleontologist? His eye is largely the eye of the mind but it notes incompleteness in an object and thrills at completeness, none the less. His object is, in one sense, "only an idea," yet it draws from him emotion of the purest and deepest kind.

Or consider again, as an instance of the fascination of the intellectual world, that whole panorama which not only paleontology but in one way or another almost all the modern sciences have opened to our mental eye, the panorama showing the gradual but spectacular changes in this, our own Earth. Our first picture might reveal the dull and colorless world of the Archeozoic era, with living things, if present at all, of the simplest sort. But the magic of the change as our eyes sweep along to the brilliant scenes of the Paleozoic or Mesozoic times. Hill and valley cover themselves now with the thickest, most luxuriant and variegated vegetation, now with the crystal white mantle of the ice age. Animals appear in ever differing forms and sizes, now the small, primitive, sluggish vertebrate life of the Carboniferous, lazily drowsing under the hot noonday sun, now the huge and awe-inspiring dinosaurs of Mesozoic times, lumbering carelessly through the thicket or, with the impact of their gigantic bodies, crashing to earth a tall tree fern. Birds appear in the Jurassic forest, and from these first formidable ancestors come the host of winged living things that fill the air and trees with moving spots of scarlet, green, crimson, blue. And man himself is seen to emerge at last, slowly standing out in prominence against this background of natural beauty, as he gets to know and control himself and his world, finding, too, in his better and clearer moments, in both his own being and in his world, some suggestion of the sublime Meaning of the Whole.

The evolutionary picture cannot be purchased or shown to us by another, but once we have made it our own, we have a priceless possession. Will anyone who has seen this picture in any clearness or detail deny its appeal not only to our questioning mind but to our emotions? The intellectual world is somewhat exacting in its demands, somewhat rigid in its criteria; but if we meet these "entrance require-

ments," we have perpetual access to worlds that are inexhaustible, sources of permanent, growing interests.

Mathematics like logic is supposed from the outside to be a stern and emotionless type of mental activity. Yet I think the mathematician or logician will agree that he who does not feel a satisfying and even thrilling sense of satisfaction and completeness when he has finally worked to a conclusion, when he has taken evidence or data and synthesized them into a whole that has a definite beginning and a demonstrable end, united by an articulated structure of ideas,—that such an one is not yet a mathematician or a logician. As a physician speaks of a "beautiful" case of mumps or compound fracture (because the case in question approximates in nature the complete, clear cut "ideal" which as a standard the physician has in mind), so the initiated student of mathematics knows "pretty demonstrations" of a theorem or a problem that are genuinely aesthetic in their appeal.

I have chosen my examples from the field of science because the scientist as an exponent of the intellectual life is supposed to be furthest removed from that which is emotional and colorful. But as this is not true, so I think it will be found that music or poetry or any other of the arts, which are said to be such only when they do arouse the feeling side of us, are directly and obviously dependent on the intellectual response also that they evoke. The individual to whom "the primrose by the river's brim" is nothing but a primrose, to whom it brings at most but a transient, instinctive thrill (as a baby responds to bright colors), for whom it does not somehow symbolize a truth in that world of ideas not seen by the senses,—this individual will never make a poet, as he will never make a good student of the sciences.

In truth, art in any form, or the aesthetic and feeling side of us is not that which should be contrasted with intellect or ideas. It is rather mere sense of living, mere existence on the drab plane of sensation and sense perception that contrasts with both. Ignorance and stupidity, not feeling or will, are the real enemies alike of the intellectual world and the artistic world. These latter worlds have certain differences one from another, but they are at no point distinct. They overlap; they aid one another; they are supplementary. And this is because they are blood brothers, offspring of the same parent, that is, that "higher" consciousness in us which has broken away from the merely sensuous and has embarked on the great and distinctively human adventure of free, creative activity in that world of ideas which is our human world.

WARNING

You who gather with swift hands
Fruit most ripe and sweet,
And say in cool young arrogance
"This is mine to eat"—

You will come to a leaner season
After a round of years,
When you will feed on broken wishes
Spiced with remembered tears.

You will not need, in time of famine,
Sweetening for dry bread,
You will not ask for more than a fire
And a place to rest your head.

AN EPISODE

LONG and long ago in the days when the glorious class of 1921 was at the height of its splendor, there came upon the College that dull and dreary time which is after the fever of mid-years and before the fervor of Spring vacation, when life is a wearisome thing and all but one's most intimate friends, a torment to the soul. Just so it came to two boon companions, and life went stale, and the only thing worth striving for was "being campus-ed." Valiantly the two strove, but always without avail.

Finally, as diversion, they evolved between them, the brilliant plan of sleeping in the Gym. It seemed a wonderful, flawless plan. For look you, in those days there was an institution known as "rest Gym" and for the use of the "resters" were two cots behind the back drop of the stage—two cots, two girls,—truly it was an inspiration. Furthermore, in those days of antiquity, the book store was in the Gym and these two were both of the book-store force. The plan was absurdly simple: in the early evening to smuggle blankets and night clothes into the book store; then to slip over while Freshman basketball practice was yet in progress, and before the night watchman made his ten o'clock rounds. They, concealed in the book store, would of course be locked in the Gym; they would make themselves comfortable for the night in the two cots—and it would be such fun to tell about the next day.

Behold then, at quarter past ten two heads resting peacefully upon the pillows of those two cots—one very black head, one very light; the trick was done and now for sleep. Oh, this was something worthy of such intellects, a tale for posterity, and so simple. Suddenly the sound of an opening door, a minute of silence, and, sharp against the quiet, a call of "Vigil"! Another pause, then the heavy steps of the night watchman ascending the stairs nearest the Post Office, and with them the soft padding steps of a dog! Horror! Surely now they are discovered; closer and closer come those steps; stuff the blanket in your mouth; don't stir nor breathe; for it is a desperate night watchman; his motto, "Fire on sight." Not that they feared his aim, that was notoriously bad; but if he fired at one there was the big chance that he would hit the other. Gone was the wonder of the plan—here was no work of mighty intellects, nothing save fool-hardy witlessness. And ever those slow, heavy footsteps drew closer; down the length of the floor, up the steps to the stage, a pause close to the foot of one cot, if he reaches out his hand now they are lost; but no, he goes on, pausing again interminably at the end of the second cot. Were ever two mortals so deathly quiet before? Finally the steps receded down the stairs into the basement; after another century the outer door slammed, and two terrified girls breathed again.

What next? They were not long in doubt. For scarcely had they again composed themselves to slumber when the outer door opened once more and the same soul-harrowing performance was repeated—this time, however, without the dog. Swallowing swords would be child's play to one who had consumed an entire army blanket; and instant death preferable to the fear of detection. Finally he was downstairs again and they listened eagerly for the slam of the door. Listened for an hour and no sound came; till at last they knew that they were discovered, and that he but waited a move from them to pounce. But no—came suddenly a curious sound from below stairs: snores! The night watchman slept while the marauders dared not close an eye. Was ever innocent prank turned into such irony? Hysterical, the two consulted together; it was now after midnight, at one o'clock, they knew, he would make the rounds of the campus, swift upon his departure they would dash to the sanctuary of the bookstore, there to sit on the hard floor till after the six o'clock car carried their tormentor away.

Every time the snores ceased for an instant, their hearts sank; after endless ages one o'clock came, slow and deliberate movements from the basement, and soon the familiar banging of the door. Swiftly they gathered themselves together for the

flight to safety, but with one foot on the floor, the black-haired one whispered—"Wait." They waited; and not two minutes later the night watchman was again climbing the stairs. One wonders what would have been his sensations on encountering two white-robed figures mid-way of the Gym floor. Three times in the next two hours they started the dash for freedom, and each time some kindly fate restrained them; else, each time they would have encountered—opposition, so to speak. At half past four they tumbled, breathless and still terror-stricken, into the peaceful haven of the book store, and knew, at last, safety.

For weeks at the sight of the Gym stage, a lop-eared hound dog, a Metz car, and, most terrible of all, Mr. Metz, the night watchman, those two fell to trembling and gibbering and looking wildly for a blanket to stuff into mouths gone dry from fear.

Perhaps now, in these days of enlightenment, there is a rule against sleeping—no, *spending the night*—in the Gym; but all this happened in the wondrous days of the "first four classes."

DIARY

Note:—From September of 1920 to September of 1923, Kathryn Hulbert, '19, taught in the American Faculty School, which prepares American girls for Vassar, Smith, and Wells. Because of the intense heat from July to October she was forced to go to Europe for her summer vacation. Her other vacations were spent near Beirut.

[From Trip to Sidon, First Vacation (Mid-Years), from Beirut duty, Feb., 1921.]

LAST Xams. over by noon. Off for first week-end trip to Sidon (Saida, by natives). Fields of daisies and red anemones as we leave the city and get out into the country winds. Pass by edge of third largest olive grove in the world. . . . meeting caravans of mules and camels, donkeys carrying loads of grain, old Bedouin shepherds with their goats coming from market. Sunset veiled by rain which strikes us hard after we leave "Jonah's Beach" and the Damour River. Bistani, the Ford driver, takes us into silk mill for refuge. See cocoons boiled, and unwound by attaching three threads to one hook, machine run by water-power, revolving octagonal wheels, winding up the finished thread (six strands in all). Native women and girls at work behind wheels, with mendeels on their heads, hair in braids over shoulders. . . . Fearful smell from boiled cocoons, and dank, hot, steamy rooms. Reach Girls' School in Sidon in time for supper. Climb to flat roof for moonlight view of the city; two gray domes of mosques on either side of us, five minarets surrounding us. Hear tales of Lady Hester Stanhope and her escapades around town dressed as Arab sheik (pronounced "shake," by the way), riding on broken-backed horse waiting for the new Christ to ride with her into Jerusalem. . . .

FEB. 18.—Up early, wakened by lusty mezzins calling from north minaret, answers from other four. Investigate Crusaders Castles on hill and island. Wonderful view of the shore Castle silhouetted against curve of sandy beach running north . . . camels plodding silently along the beach . . . coming from the suks. Baruk cedars a brown splotch in the distance, against fresh snow caps of mts. east. Explore causeways, dungeons, . . . of island castle . . . and make believe we are back in Saracen days. . . . Old Phoenician harbor pointed out, with stone steps still left by the sea's wearing. We bargain in the bazaars for Tyrian-dyed scarfs and native wedding-candles. In P. M. to Tombs of the Kings, near Bedouin camp on the grassy plain outside the city. Almond blossoms, olive groves, oranges hanging ripe on the trees in the gardens, . . . a flock of sheep and goats grazing on the site of Phoenician burying grounds. Old Bedouin with baggy trousers and long crook . . . his wife dressed almost the same, but with

rough hide boots that came to her knees. Black goat-skin tents near by . . . with children, donkey, two mules and two lambs *inside!*

FEB. 19.—Visit Boys' Orphanage in A. M. Windy view commanding Sidon and the lower Lebanons. Two hundred boys receiving two pairs pajamas each! . . . Miss Law sends teacher to show us the rooms . . . beds on the floor, row by row; bare dining tables; mejedra steaming in huge vats in kitchen. Terraced slopes brilliant with anemones, renunculas, yellow gorse, white daisies, fig trees misty gray in distance. On way home stop at Pottery shop and watch the old native potter shaping wet clay on the wheel . . . into "breeaks," jars, and vases. . . . Memories of Dr. Wells' Browning class on a Thursday morning, with the lawnmower humming beneath windows of Room 209 (?), New London Hall. . . .

In eve. four of us are guests of the Useiran's, a Milwehli-Moslem family. Seven course dinner, preceded by solemn parlor rites, sitting around in circle, four speaking English, the rest Arabic, laughing hugely at translated jokes. Relatives and friends gather to welcome us with Syrian song and dance, nearly sixty before eve. over. Two American girls surrounded by fifty Moslem men!!! No other women appear as eve. wears on, but black veils bobbing away from the outer windows as we turn quickly. . . . The father and two sons see us home by 9:30, a curious procession led by the servants, who light our way thru the crooked deserted streets, holding dim, square lanterns. . . . Glad to have Woody and P. D. with us!

IN BEIRUT, 1921 (Faculty School).

MAY 3, 1921.—Busy day at school. Meeting of School Committee at 3 to discuss College Entrance exams. In eve. the great event of the spring . . . soiree at Residence des Pins to meet General Gouraud. All American community agog with excitement. Fairyland of lights and fireworks lighting up the pine grounds. Algerian guards in red abaas, white scarfs, carrying three-foot swords, . . . in attendance at main entrance of marble, Damascene hall. Music, color, lights . . . British uniforms, French officers, Russian poilus singing under trees. . . . American clean-cut faces jagged against huge pompadored French tangoists. Sword-collection on north wall . . . champagne, cakes, sandwiches . . . dancing under porticoes in night breeze to 1920-hits-from-Broadway (but what do we care!). Against the dark wall, the face of General Gouraud, saddened, sensitive, strong, sympathetic . . . watching the swaying crowds. . . . One arm gone at the elbow. . . .

MAY 6, 1921.—Latin 9 gives play under the zinzulac trees in afternoon. Seniors take trial Comprehensive Exams. in Math. and Latin. Tea and tennis at Marquand house after school. College Brotherhood has annual reception in the evening. . . . Prof. Hitti, ex-pres. of the Cosmopolitan Club in N. Y. C., is installed.

FROM DIARY OF SUMMER, 1921.

(In Near East Relief Orphan Camp at Jezzine, in the Lebanon Mts., 30 miles east of Sidon.)

AUG. 18. . . . Munzer-el-Shaloof ("The Camp-of-the-wonderful-view!") Truck brings us new nurse from Sidon, today . . . praises be! Milady (tubercular child, incurable) sits at door of my tent tatting, and smiling up at me as I sew on new clothes for Nejla. . . . We have found other ways to talk . . . than by language. Children have wonderful supper . . . watermelon, cucumbers, grapes. Cold mist creeps up from valley by night.

AUG. 19.—Gray flannel shirt and serge skirt none too warm for a chill north wind all day, with clouds. Busy A. M. shifting beds, Miss Nejla making trachoma lists, dropping eyes, fixing over new hospital tent. Mrs. Daghir and I take 47 girls to Bteddin . . . bringing home baskets of grapes. Visit old threshing floor. Woody makes isolation tent for Selma, who has developed bad skin disease . . .

ya haram! Musif with worse cough. Selma, . . . malaria and bronchitis . . . hospital tent full by night.

AUG. 20.—Little Yusif comes down with bronchitis and malaria. Khali and M. go for doctor, in truck. Selma worse. Truck from village arrives, bringing Alma Kerr and Mr. Miller, with supplies. After camp asleep, Alma tells of Trebizond experiences, Italian count, Cyperian peasant girl. . . . Moonlight in misty valley.

AUG. 21 (Sun.)—Up early to type letter home. Monks from Deir Mish Mooshi with donkey boys passing by on way to Jezzine, curious over an Underwood Portable. Worked on my lap as I sat under a pine tree. . . . Yusif better. Temperature down to 102. . . . Mualim Julius tells Arabic story and reads scripture lesson at our morning service under the pines. Suzenne sits very quietly beside me, looking up shyly under long black lashes. . . . "muskine kelleh! . . . nice Gorge . . . goodbye . . . don' cryee . . ."

AUG. 22.—Hospital tent has good report. Clear, cool, windy day. Mohammed waddling around camp in his white night-cap. . . . The children play house in the pine grove all day. Kaimakam of Jezzine calls just before lunch to take census of orphans. "Bean-porridge" with 40 of the youngest on crest of hill eating water-melon. . . . Woody entertains with chess and volley-balls . . . teachers' team improving. Cut out Literary Digest pictures for Yusif, and make furniture out of Shredded Wheat boxes. Selma, Hannah and Yusif no fever all day. Henri throws stone and hits wrong girl for stealing his bread. Crochet hook runs into girl's finger . . . in morning . . . Miss Nejla on the jump. . . . Mualim Yusif and Khalil arrive on donkey just before supper. In the evening, Arabic-American songs and mandolin around camp fire below tents. Woody and Khalil sleep out under stars.

AUG. 24.—Trip up Tomat Niha by night . . . (off for a two days' vacation) . . . Five Syrian teachers with us . . . starting off in truck, to spend first part of night in Kh's house in Jezzine. Huge 9 P. M. dinner in open court . . . rice stew, meshi, cibbe, mellabeeya, fruit, coffee. Every window crowded with village children peeking in from dark streets. We try to sleep for three hours, stretched out on mukads . . . Before starting the ascent of the mt. . . . for sunrise from top. . . . One donkey, loaded with breakfast in saddle bag, sweaters, blankets, cameras, and glasses, for the crowd. Jezzine streets silent and deserted in moonlight. Pleiades just rising over steep mt. barricade directly north of town. Warm night but clear. Every vineyard, wall, house, pebble, distinct in moonlight. Miss Lulu keeps in front till half way point . . . up . . . up . . . keeping Orion and Pleiades to east and north. Altair low over Camp which shows up clearly in the distance. Cold winds strike us at goat farm. . . . Oak forest thousand years' old, stirred by night wind . . . with boulders below curved by sea tides, gaunt and startling in moonlight. Stop for drinks at cave-spring beyond farm, and at breakfast spring between the two peaks of Tomat. Leave donkey at spring with Khalil, and make last pull up south peak by 4:30 . . . freezing winds on top of the world. Blankets shared . . . for half-hour vigil with the sunrise, Mt. Hermon, twenty miles of purple wonder in east, a great sleeping sea-animal against the orange sea of sky. Carmel to south, Merj Ayun . . . El-Judadeh, one by one all mt. ranges between rising up thro sleeping sea of mist. The Bukaa, Sidon, Abeih, Rum, Azur . . . Sea of Galilee imagined far to south . . . Mediterranean to the west. Coming down to spring for breakfast, find a flock of mt. goats just ahead of us . . . dirty Bedouin cleans out pool for us to get our drinking water. Breakfast of eggs, potatoes, helawi, and lebeni. Trip down the mt. begins by 9 A. M. . . . hot, tired, weary, but triumphant. . . . Thro vineyards to heights above Jezzine, where student from Boys' School picks huge clusters of fresh grapes and we nearly get drowned drinking from a noseless "breeak." . . . Stop for last view of valley,

under shade of walnut trees. Home to camp by 12:30 . . . and find everything o. k. under Miss Nejla's care. . . . Children rush out to meet us with songs of welcome . . . Jackals beginning to venture nearer camp at night . . . but children only laugh and tell stories about them. . . . One week more of camp! and then back to school and Beirut friends, and orphans back to SeaSide Orphanage in Sidon . . . but we shall never forget each other.

(On board S. S. "Pierre Loti," Beirut to Constantinople, Piraeus, Venice, Summer Vacation, 1922.)

JULY 5, 1922.—Drop anchor at Rhodes at 4:10. Thro' port hole we see wind-mills and white houses on the point, flushed by the reflections of sunrise. After breakfast, fine sail ashore. One of the boatmen loses his balance, leaning forward for the full swing of his oar, and has a watery seat in the bottom of our boat . . . much chagrin on his part, and hilarity on ours. . . . At entrance of harbor we pass ruins of Venetian castles and strongholds. Walk up and down picturesque old streets looking for armorial bearings over the stone doorways. . . . Museum, with open Florentine court . . . once Knights Hospitallers of Crusade days, restored but old . . . wood carvings fascinating. . . . Buy stamps of the Grecian isles. "Pierre Loti" pulls up anchor at 11:15. We are off again, heading north! Read "Sappho" and watch shadows on the islands. Porpoises follow us all afternoon. Sunset leaves low purple haze. . . .

JULY 6.—Pass Lemnos in late morning. Read "Gallipoli" aloud as we approach the Dardanelles. Sunken British warships along shore. Bleak and barren country . . . makes ghastliness of the 1915 campaign real as life. . . . Birds skimming low. Porpoises toward late afternoon. These are the Grecian Isles that Odysseus knew . . . rugged, purple, with the same shadows lying over the white villages scattered along the shore, the same sea beating up on the cliffs and beaches. . . .

JULY 7.—Up at 4:30 to watch gray dawn breaking over Seraglio point and minarets of Stamboul. Reflection of Turkish sailing boats near Leander's Tower. . . . Boats and flags near Galata Bridge strange and golden in sunrise. Ashore by 10 A. M. . . . Santa Sophia, before lunch. . . . Ride up Bosphorus in afternoon, for tea with Mrs. Damen at Robert College, Roumeli Hissar. . . . In eve. "Faust" ballet at Petit Champs, given by Russian dancers

JULY 8.—9:45 train to Yedi Coule, where we climb ruins of Golden Gate and old city walls. . . . Long carriage ride to Eyub to see beautiful mosaics in court of the Mosque . . . with huge maple trees near by, inhabited by rooks, pigeons . . . much conversation with a sacred stork. . . . Boat back to Galata, and lunch at Sailors' Club, . . . American apple pie a la mode! ! ! Alexander's tomb in the museum our parting memory of the two days' glimpse of Stamboul . . . exquisite . . . "Pierre Loti" sails out of Constantinople harbor an hour after our return to boat. French band plays farewell, with triple bugle calls, to two hundred soldiers embarking for Marseilles. Exciting scenes of farewell on deck. . . . Seraglio gardens climbing to horizon beyond. Long sunset glow on minarets. Later . . . moonrise on Sea of Marmora. . . .

JULY 9.—Too hot to read on deck We drowse and listen to flapping of canvas and ropes. Approach Smyrna Bay by 12 o'clock. After much delay, back into quay about 2 P. M. Boats swarm out to meet us as usual. Ashore for cool swim, away from crowds. Horse cars with bonneted horses ambling along shore front which seems to extend for miles. H-O-T, despite wind. Greek atmosphere everywhere . . . confusion of boats, flags of many nations, money changers lining the narrow streets. "Defendu" to go ashore in eve., so we wander back to supper on boat. Bed at 11:30 but too hot to sleep. Noises terrific; derricks working all night, hail of beans from a broken bag, pounding on deck above, electric fans buzzing up and down the corridors, snoring of third-class passengers sleeping on deck

chairs in dining rooms; towards morning wild fight between boatmen just outside our port hole. . . .

JULY 10.—Ashore by 8:30, revived by breakfast and cooler breeze. Carriage around city and over the hills to Smyrna College ("Paradise"), which is closed because of vacation. Climb to castle on hill for view of the hills and surrounding country. . . . Back to port thro' crowded bazaars . . . lunch for 60 piasters! . . . Y. M. C. A. sends man from garage to interview us

Memories of Smyrna: Greek chins, pompomed soldiers, bonneted horses, dirty swimming pools, straggly-haired Greek girls, money-changers' booths . . . cosmopolitan harbor crowded with boats from every port. . . . (This was written two months before the fire! We little dreamed then that Smyrna would so soon become "historic.")

JULY 11.—Enter harbor of Piraeus 5:45 A. M., hot, dirty, smoky. Leave boat by 8 o'clock with little trouble at customs, after explaining we are Americans from University of Beirut. . . . Auto to Athens along wide, shady streets bordered with pepper trees. First glimpse of Acropolis across hot dusty plain. . . . Lycabettus rising behind. Gain the heights before noon for blazing daylight view from the Propylae . . . spacious and dazzling. Salamis, Agolis, Parnassus . . . Later . . . explore Temple of Olympian Zeus. Have tea with Miss Kalepethokis, across from Hadrians Arch. . . . She knows Julia Dragumis, who wrote "Tales of a Greek Isle" and "A Man of Athens." . . . Wander over to Stadium for sunset view of Acropolis, then up through park to Palace gardens, and have ice and cakes in gay evening throng. Our waiter shows his passport, proving he was born in Cyprus. Tries to remember his *four English words* . . . and with the help of French and Greek, tells us the easiest way to get back to the Acropolis so that we may see it by moonlight. Find a party from Constantinople already on the hill, but everyone silent and spellbound by the beauty and chastity of the columns. . . . Such a buoyant feeling from white marble columns glowing in the moonlight . . . Caryatides almost breathing in the silence of the cool night. Greek church bells ringing out over the city below us. Lights of Piraeus and lighthouses on the islands glistening beyond . . .

JULY 12.—Heat of the day terrific. Cannot safely start on trips till late afternoon. Eleusis today! We follow the Sacred Way, catching glimpses of colored sails in Bay of Salamis. Peasants in gala dress dancing near old fountain, as we pass. Smoke of forest fires low in the air. Demeter and Kore relief in museum. Come back to Athens for supper, after sunset in pine groves near Daphne chapel. Off for Sunium (30 miles), by 9 P. M., in auto. Valleys and hills dark in starlight. Olive orchards noisy with crickets and cicadas. Moon rises red beyond hills toward sea. Sudden approach to bay, then follow coast to right, keeping moonlight and lighthouses to left. . . . Reach end of road and climb hill to Temple of Poseidon, just at midnight. Waves washing up on beach far below precipitous brink where Byron stood. . . . This is the southern-most tip of Attica! . . . Island lights blinking from Paros and Naval Bases. Sleepy rush of wind on way home. . . . Altair, Antares, and the Dipper keeping watch with the moon. Sleepy wagoners stir to clear the road as we drive by in gusts of night dust. All quiet again. Cold morning air refreshing. Bed by 2 A. M.

JULY 15: AT DELPHI.— . . . After breakfast, we explore museum and find famous bronze charioteer waiting for us, also original Caryatides. . . . Drink at Castalian springs and find rock-hewn chapel in gorge. Blue butterflies everywhere. Exciting time recovering lost note book, over wall above gully . . . three little mountain boys scramble down precipice in competition for two drachma. Meet travelers beneath Agamemnon's plane tree, but conversation at low ebb because we are all reduced to bad French! . . . Explore Temple of Apollo, the Treasures, and the Sibylline Rock . . . and after long naps, in afternoon, climb terraced hill to Delphi Stadium and top of ledge for sunset over Itea, Gulf of Cor-

inth . . . Rock tombs on side of hill. . . . Look down upon ruins, lying below the famous white rocks known as "The Gleaming Ones" (Phaeriades) to the ancient Greeks, with Parnassus beyond, and Archova perched on top of next hill, three hours' carriage ride along the mountain road. Villagers of Delphi wear pom-pomed slippers as in Smyrna, Athens. . . . Russian-blouse effects for costumes, pleated from shoulder to low waistline and belt, trousers baggy. Buy shepherd's crook (15 drachma!) from old man driving his sheep from Archova, where live "prettiest girls of Greece." Woody wanted to start for Archova before tea!

(From Palestine Trip, April, 1923.)

APRIL 3.—Off at 8:30 from Bab-el-Jedid (Jerusalem) for the Dead Sea. Wonderful ride 4000 ft. down into the velvety camel-colored hills of sand. Pass thousands of pilgrims going to Nebi Mousa, or coming back from the Jordan. Families on donkeys, girls and women with embroidered dresses and coin head-dresses. Reach side road to Dead Sea with sun partly clouded. American gobs on bicycles whiz past us. Windy and cold enough for two coats . . . exception to the usual heat, they tell us. . . . Frances and I swim ten minutes in the sea . . . rough, high waves, but impossible to sink . . . no shells on shore, no fish in the sea . . . one taste of the water to make sure the world had not been fooling us all our lives. One was enough! On to the Pilgrims' Bathing Place in the Jordan . . . crowds in white night-gowns dipping three times, grandmothers, babies . . . Copts from Egypt . . . muddy, horrible water . . . but beautiful willowed edge. On to Jericho . . . green and fertile region after desolate sand hills before. Have lunch in private garden at Elisha's Well. . . . "Ain-el-Sultan" . . . and long ride home for supper and evening of reading. It will take a life time to study and understand all we have seen!

APRIL 10.— . . . Last impression of Damascus . . . fertile oasis fed by living waters and myriads of tiny falling streams. Then wild and barren hills and gorges before the drop into the great plain. Mt. Hermon on the left. Wonderful speed across the Bukaa . . . mud villages, snow mountains . . . first glimpse of the sea coming down from Baruk pass . . . Beirut lying in the plain below us stretching out to the blueness of infinite water . . . calls us back to work and duty! The last "vacation" in Syria is over. . . . In three months, Westward, Ho . . . and the hills of New England again. . . .

TO A CONSERVATIVE NEIGHBOR

You think my checkered curtains
Too frivolous and gay,
I watched you as you looked at them
And frowned, the other day—

The shutters on my house, you find
Are much too bright a blue,
But I shall keep them as they are.
I like to bother you!

WHEN NANCY WENT TO COLLEGE

SHE WENT in a perambulator!

A nice gray, roomy one, with jouncy springs and big squeaky wheels. One that Professor Leib had resurrected from the top of his garage especially for her. And she rolled up the broad driveway from Mohegan Avenue on her way to New London Hall. Her mother strode after her, eager, panting, enthusiastic.

"This driveway wasn't here when I went to college, Nancy dear," she commented. "Remember how we used to plow through here in the mud on the way from the tea house in the early spring, and how I lost a rubber and had to hop all the rest of the way through the puddles?"

"Dada," remarked Nancy, intelligently.

"And look at all the tennis courts! Why, there were only three in the old days when Dorothy Upton and I used to play against Dr. Kip and Dr. Coerne, with his weirdly singing racquet. And a row of garages! Nobody had cars when I was there.

"And Nancy, look at this. Here's the new library. Your mother used to look up references for Dr. Wells in two book-lined rooms in New London Hall, just crowded with savants and silence signs.

"The old hockey-soccer-cricket-baseball field is just the same sunny green stretch where we acquired so many fine sunburns. I hope you'll get lots of them when you're a great big girl.

"Here're Plant and Blackstone and Branford, just covered with ivy now. I remember when we helped plant it! My, we must be getting old!

"Would you like to see Thames Hall and Winthrop? No, I guess we'd better not go over there: the driveway's pretty rough, and your carriage is kind'a hard to push. If you'd only learn to walk But you can see them, can't you?"

A wail of protest. "Ma-ma."

"And there's the new practice house down on the other side of the road. It's a pity, don't you think, that they didn't have it when I was there? I might have learned to cook. And you'd like a change from cereal and boiled carrots and baked potatoes once in a while, wouldn't you? Never mind, you're growing fat on them.

"And look at the new car station. It would be almost fun to wait there when the Norwich car was late on a rainy Saturday afternoon and you were on the way to the Crown. They've got a new theatre in New London now, dear—not that it makes any immediate difference to you—and I think they've closed the Lyceum, where we spent so many happy hours observing the paint and powder of the vaudeville acts from the haven of the front row.

"But whatever has changed, Nancy love, the river and the sea look just the same. They're just as blue as ever. And you can see the whitecaps on the waves even from 'way up here. And the same brisk wind is blowing, and the skies are just as blue above as they were when our first college song was written.

"If you could only walk, I'd take you down to the shore, through the potato fields and over the stone wall. Somebody burned a hole in the camouflaged boathouse, so I'm afraid you won't be able to keep your canoe there sixteen years from now. But you must have one, anyway, and paddle all around the river. And if you're brave, you can paddle under the bridges and down into the harbor. You can leave your canoe at a fish wharf and go shopping while it bobs up and down on a float. Or you can paddle all the way around to Ocean Beach—if you won't forget to swim if you do tip over. Last year when I took you there and laid you on your back in the sand and kicked, you didn't like it very well. But when you go to college you'll be in the water all the time.

"Then, if you feel like walking after your swim, you'll take the car back to Peterson's. I'm afraid you'll spend quite a bit of your allowance there, small daughter, but it will be worth it, every mouthful of it.

"Of course, there are lots of other things you'll do, studying and the like. But ever so much that you'll learn will go right out of your head, while you'll never forget most of the things you'll do. So promise me that you'll work hard and play hard and stay out of doors as much as ever you can, little Nancy Porritt, just as your mother did when she went to college.

"Yes, sixteen years is a long time to wait, but we'll have lots to do just getting ready to come. Aren't you looking forward to every minute of it?"

"Bah!" quoth Nancy.

LIFE

All on a lovely summer day,
All up and down
The king's highway,
All up and down the town,
I asked "What is Life?"
"Labor" was the answer
Of an old wife
Who sold wares in the market-place,
"Spinning and toiling and weaving,
Weariness for the weaver,
For Milady, lace."

And an old man,
Nodding in the sun,
Says "Life is a day-long dream
Of one
Fair woman only,
Who may be
Not fair at all, but may so seem."
And the town fool, he who was made
Court jester by the word of a king,
Says "Life is a lying masquerade,
Wherein wise men walk fools, and no thing
Is just or true or noble," and the while
He speaks, right gleefully ring
His bells, though bitter be his smile.

But the young boy—
"Why 'tis a merry-go-
'Round, go-round,
Go up, go down
The scale of grief and joy-O—
Naught but the plaything and the toy
Of a heedless, happy boy-O."

And the girl whose young eyes,
Still wide with wonder of girl-hood,
Are blue as all blue skies
Above,
Smiles and sighs,
And sighs again and says
That Life is Love.

THE UNINTERESTING TALE OF A HOUSEWIFE

or

A VOICE FROM "FURRIN" PARTS

IT IS a sunny afternoon in early April and three thousand or more miles from New London's hospitable shores, in the city of Seattle, a tall, black-coated figure with navy-blue hat tipped well down over the eyes in the fashionable manner of the year of our Lord 1924, might be seen briskly alighting from the street car, hurrying down the hill and climbing the stairs to an unpretentious house close by. On the porch the figure pauses a minute to gaze appreciatively at the view far below—Lake Washington's blue waters spread out like a smooth silver sheet; busy little ferries, with the deceptive whistles of honest-to-goodness locomotives, plying their trade between the mainland and Mercer Island; against the eastern horizon, the cold white outlines of the Cascades; to the south, the unusual sight of Mt. Rainier with huge gleaming bulk looming out startlingly close with its base misty and indistinct; and to the north, one of Seattle's woodsiest parks.

Five minutes later, having removed the disguising hat and coat and exposed a quite normal expanse of countenance, the figure takes on familiar aspect, so that C. C. pioneer classes would have little difficulty in recognizing a sister alumna, engaged at that instant in sacrificing a cold pork sandwich on the altar of a healthy appetite. Yes, it is you yourself in the flesh!

You have just returned from your morning's toil at the office of the Dean of Law at the University, where you seek to be a credit to C. C. You are sitting at the kitchen table, which is covered by one of your best luncheon cloths—the one with the rosebuds and blue-outlined designs in the corners. You are gloating over two "Newsies" which have arrived simultaneously to gladden your heart. You consume your pork sandwich and a last week's cupcake, drink a cup of tea, and read the News—what more glorious combination can be imagined? With the inner man still unrefreshed, you hie yourself to the back porch to see if in the morning's order to the grocer there are any more worlds to conquer. You find the following: one quart milk, one-half pint cream, one quart vinegar, and one quart kerosene oil. Since the above-mentioned liquid diet has no appeal for you, you must needs turn again to the roast pork for sustenance. Under the stimulus of your Orange Pekoe and C. C. doings, you feel an expansion of the torpid regions commonly supposed to contain the fount of inspiration. You become conscious of a feeling of good will. You have recently rented this house for the summer. The gas stove leaks, the house is grimly cold, the furnace obstinate beyond words, a mound of unwashed dishes wait for your masterly touch, outside your landlady is having a garage built, the hill has slipped somewhat and huge fissures appear over night, as it were, so that a dark grave waits greedily for its victims only a few inches from the edge of the porch, but in spite of unkindly conditions you are happy.

You lean back in your kitchen and again anxiously read over the letter from the C. C. QUARTERLY. It plainly says: "Contribute anything." You wonder to what lengths a former disciple of Dr. Wells and Mr. Jensen may go. You picture their kindly eyes resting with displeasure upon the fruits of your labor and their mental observation that this unworthy effort might be classed a lemon.

Shall you declaim about the University of Washington, indicating that it has five thousand students, is co-ed, that the campus covers about six hundred acres and has beautifully kept grounds, that it is on two lakes, that the crew race last Saturday between Washington and California was attended by over ten thousand spectators and resulted in a sweeping victory for Washington in both Varsity and Freshman events, that athletics are highly developed, as are also bobs and shingles among the fairer sex, that there is a huge stadium, that the University has the four-quarter

system, that its chimes can be heard for miles around, that Edith Wynne Matthison (you hope that's the complete name and spelled right) appeared at Meany Hall in "The Chastening" and you heard her last spring at Convocation, and hence felt that home wasn't so far away after all? Or shall you attempt to describe the city of Seattle itself? You can only say that it has the loveliest of settings on the Puget Sound, with mountains to the east and west—long chains against the horizon—and always silhouetted against the blue of the Sound are the tall straight fir trees. Seattle is a city literally built on hills. With its miles of seacoast and its innumerable lakes and beautiful parks, its huge markets to delight the soul of the thrifty housewife, and its mild climate and luxuriant vegetation, it is a city comparing quite favorably (in your opinion) even with the cities of dear old New England.

You stop a moment to wonder if, in your zeal, you sound too much like a tourist's handbook. You take another bite of pork sandwich. It suddenly comes to you, like a flash from the blue (almost in poetical strain you write this) that pork is most distasteful. This particular form of pig made its debut as a Sunday roast when you planned to go for a ride and take sandwiches. It was suggested, however, that you and your spouse come to a friend's house for Sunday repast since, it was hinted, a dinner of rare and pleasing quality awaited you. You went. You found *Roast Pork*, it being well-known that your husband cherished an affection for that delicacy, second only to baked custards and yourself. It is now Thursday. In the annals of your family, this week might be designated "Pork Week." You have lived with the critter for lunch and dinner each of the intervening days, faltering a little each night, but attacking him with renewed vigor each noon. But the end is in sight! The ignoble pig's day is o'er!

You bustle about and prepare to boil out some clothes, for this is your busy day. Since the gas stove downstairs is not yet connected, your schedule works out as follows: (Let not the souls of Dietetics majors recoil!) (1) carry empty boiler into the kitchen, fill same empty boiler with cold water from the kitchen faucet; (2) throw in the clothes and put the three ingredients on gas range; (3) turn on gas; (4) let 'er boil; (5) since you are sans small pail, sans cellar stairs inside, sans instrument whereby to harpoon above-mentioned garments, in fact, sans everything but the inclination to cleanse, you (6) using a fork, the dish pan and two parboiled hands, (7) make nineteen trips carrying an unpleasantly steaming dishpan out through the kitchen door and, still in a cloud of steam, along the concrete walks to the cellar door, thence to the tubs. And they speak of the conveniences of modern housework!

Oh, yes, you have a *CAR*, if you please. She is of the family of Chevrolet and her blue blood goes back to the year of 1918. There are times when you wonder whether she is worth the hundred and twenty-five bones (\$125) which you paid for her, and you pray that she will hang together until the summer outings are over. She is red and rusty, but the eyes of love can see possibilities. She is three weeks old today and has already gone four hundred miles through some of the beautiful spots around here.

You can still recall the thrill that you experienced when she came limping home that first time, appearing on the western horizon like one of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. And Himself—how he beamed and doffed his cap at the next-door neighbors and at the same time put out the magnificent proprietary hand indicating ownership and the desire to turn, even though no car was visible to the naked eye for blocks! That Andy Gump hand was, unfortunately, needed at that particular moment to direct Carrie Nation towards the right angle entrance of the back yard. In the ensuing battle between man and beast, several stones were loosened from their moorings in the yard and one shrub torn up forcibly. But the wild spirit of Carrie Nation was quelled forever.

And of course that night came the FIRST RIDE IN "OUR CAR." Capitals alone are insufficient to describe the grand and glorious feeling enjoyed. Every key on the typewriter would be insufficient. And several hours later when Carrie is discovered to be without gas, they would be even more insufficient. GAS! such a

small word, but how *meaty*! It contains a world of meaning. The darkest curtain drawn over the rest of the evening's events would not be able to blot it from your memory. Suffice it to say that you wearily put your own massive shoulder to the wheel, literally speaking, and, together, Himself and Yourself turned Carrie around so that she was facing the downward grade, and she found a gas station at the foot of the second hill at the ripe hour of midnight. Then she brought you home.

Since then you are doubly bereft, for you rarely see your husband and seldom Carrie. All the spare time on Saturdays and Sundays he spends with Carrie. You have long since become accustomed to looking down to where your two loves commune and see Carrie's fourth wheel careening around by itself and Carrie herself divided into her separate segments. You, too, have been pressed into service. There was the day when isinglass was to be sewed in the back window. Your husband had long talked about it, but discovered that in the practical application, the process was a long and wearisome one, as follows: He would first get on the back seat, push the needle outward, jump off back seat, get outside again, from there push needle inside, go back inside and push needle outside again, repeat, etc. So you were drafted and spent a half hour embroidering the inside while he pushed outside, and another half hour in removing kinks from your cramped knees.

It is now 4:30 and time for you to make preparations for your evening meal. Outside the western sun gleams upon the well-filled clothesline, mute token of your afternoon's dissipation. Tonight your dinner will consist of—and it is for the *last* time—just guess!—*ROAST PORK*.

A NEW RECIPE

OF COURSE it is some time since "garrets for poets" (and novelists) were discarded. It is no longer necessary to inhabit the topmost reaches of an old ramshackle house and crack one's head on beams in order to be nearer the stars. There is a new way of achieving fortune and some degree of fame; glad news indeed for our younger geniuses. The recipe reads very simply; indeed, the whole advertisement containing it, which appeared in one of our leading literary periodicals, is a noble example of the simplicity which is in great things.

It reads something like this: ". . . the young author hid himself in an old barn and with his feet wrapped in an old coat, but with his brain clear, he wrote . . ." After which, he sold the novel in a week or two and then received thousands for the motion picture rights. What would Henry Ryecroft say to this?

Of course it is possible to suggest variations of the formula. If the old coat is not available, the feet may be wrapped in straw or hay which is likely to be found in the old-fashioned type of barn. Even the clear brain is not indispensable, as the success of some recent works testifies. When the effect on the reader's mind is, as one eminent critic has put it, "as though someone had applied an egg-beater to his brain," it is interesting to speculate on what sort of process the writer's brains had been subjected to. Some day we shall have interviews with writers who will tell us that their best work is done as they sit on a wooden camel in a merry-go-round. Music is so stimulating.

I look forward with the keenest anticipations to the young author's next book. Probably he will write that in a garage, with his feet hidden in a buffalo robe.

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